

66 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE



EERIE
#34

JULY / 71

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60c



WHAT STRANGE
OATH HAD
BEEN VOICED
BY THE
EVIL SORCERER

...KHANYRIA-TOH?

DISCOVER THE
MYSTERIOUS SECRET
IN THE...

VOW OF THE
WIZARD

...ON PAGE 32

Boris

EEEEE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

STILL GOT THAT "HOME SCIENCE KIT" SANTA BROUGHT? GOOD! FOLLOW THE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW AND OL' COUS' WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY...

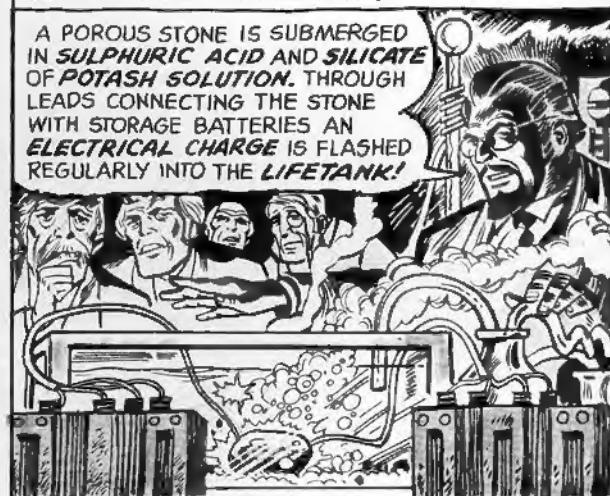
THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD!

ENGLAND, THE SUMMER OF 1900, AT A MEETING OF THE LONDON ELECTRICAL SOCIETY, ANDREW CROSSE STARTLED THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD WITH AN INCREDIBLE ANNOUNCEMENT ...



SCIENTISTS CAME FROM ALL OVER TO THE RUINED FARM HOUSE WHERE CROSSE CREATED LIFE BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES!

A POROUS STONE IS SUBMERGED IN SULPHURIC ACID AND SILICATE OF POTASH SOLUTION. THROUGH LEADS CONNECTING THE STONE WITH STORAGE BATTERIES AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE IS FLASHED REGULARLY INTO THE LIFETANK!



WHITISH BUMPS DEVELOPED ON THE STONE, EVENTUALLY ASSUMING THE SHAPE OF A STRANGE INSECT! ON THE THIRTIETH DAY OF EXPERIMENTATION, THE THING BEGAN TO MOVE ITS LEGS!



WITHIN A FEW MORE WEEKS, OVER A HUNDRED OF THE CREATURES HAD CREEPT OUT OF THE LIFETANK!

THE SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENT CATEGORICALLY DENIED EVEN THE POSSIBILITY OF CREATING LIFE BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS! CROSSE WAS RUINED!



CONDUCTING ANOTHER EXPERIMENT IN 1903 CROSSE INADVERTENTLY SET HIS LABORATORY ON FIRE AND WHILE ATTEMPTING TO SAVE HIS RECORDS DIED IN A HELLISH INFERNO!

...THERE! WASN'T THAT FUN! HOPE YOU DIDN'T GET BURNED UP IF YOUR RESULTS WEREN'T QUITE AS ELECTRIFYING AS CROSSES!





ERIE

NO. 34

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

MANAGING EDITOR: BILLY GRAHAM

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: NICOLA CUTI

COVER: BORIS VALLEJO

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: JAIME BROCAL, ERNIE COLON, CARLOS GARZON, FRANK McLAUGHLIN,
MIKE ROYER, TOM SUTTON, ALAN WEISS, TONY WILLIAMSUNE

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: ERNIE COLON, AL HEWETSON, BUDDY SAUNDERS, STEVE SKEATES,
TOM SUTTON, ALAN WEISS, F. PAUL WILSON



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DEAR COUSIN ERIE



FAN MAIL

I am sending in a drawing for your fan club pages which I hope is acceptable. Since seeing the artwork sent in by other readers, I felt the urge to also 'get involved'. I would greatly appreciate your opinion and criticism of it and would also like to know more about how to become a commercial artist. I've already finished two years of college majoring in criminology and at the present time involved with active service in the Marine Corps. The service is making sure that I get a healthy background in electronics, computer fundamentals, and radar. However, this is getting me no qualifications towards an artistic background. Please advise me, cuz, on my best course of action.

PFC/MITCHELL B. BROWN
Woodland Hills, Calif.



Quite a few letters have come to me concerning servicemen faced with the plight of returning to civilian life and unable to find employment in a field they'd enjoy working in. However, in your case, Mitch, you seem to have qualifications high and above the average G.I. which wouldn't pose a problem in seeking employment. As for your best course of action concerning obtaining an artistic background, it would be advisable for you to return to school in the evenings at the end of your enlistment (an art school) or make arrangements to take correspondence courses in art. Accumulate as much schooling in that field as possible. Meantime, make up samples of your artwork, prepare a portfolio of your best. Seek free-lance jobs. Do crisp clean spot illustrations. Judging from your drawing on the fan pages of this issue, you shouldn't have much of a problem in doing cartoon illustrations. Try as many publications as possible. You'll make it. Your talent proves that.

66
...one last thing, cuz...
you'd better shape up because
Creepy and Vampirella
are way ahead of you!

99

You guys really know how to publish a magazine! I just finished SHIVERING over EERIE #31. I decided if I could keep my hand still, I'd write this letter and congratulate you. The cover by Dick Corben was sensational. I would have been disappointed if anyone other than Mr. Corben painted that spine-chilling illustration. The story on page 16, "The Drop" was in my opinion, the best in the book. The ending really hit me! I certainly wish EERIE would come out every week! You've got one lifetime fan . . . ME! Also, thanks for printing my letter of a few months ago. I want the world to know I'm an Eerie fan.

PETER BERWICK
Elmhurst, Ill.

Hey, cuz, I hope your mags keep getting better and better. But I guess it really doesn't matter because your competition is getting worse and worse.

- STEVEN EPSTEIN

How true, Steven . . .
how true you are!

I just finished the first story of your March issue. Superhero was great! I really liked it! And blending in humor made it even better. A good idea would be to have other stories about him in future issues. I am sure that other readers will back me up.

DARRELL MCKENNEY
Georgetown, Ky.



Some already have, Darrell.



Fan letters steadily poured in immediately after EERIE #32 hit the newsstands praising the artwork of Clif Jackson and Syd Shores who teamed up to illustrate Gardner Fox's script, "THE WAKING OF THE HAWK!"

Eerie issue #32 was fair. I'm glad to see that you used Bill Barry and Jack Sparling again. The best achievement was "The Waking of the Hawk". The story by Gardner Fox was excellent! The art by Clif Jackson and Syd Shores was very good. One last thing cuz . . . you'd better shape up because Creepy and Vampirella are way ahead of you.

MARK UPCHURCH
Durham, N.C.



They won't be for long, Mark. I have a few horror stories stored away in the dungeon vault that'll make that ole creepy bag of bones cry "cousin"! And as for that Miss V . . . well, I've got a couple of covers I'm dustin' cobwebs off of to really shake up her shape. I'm inclined to agree with you and many other fans, Mark, "The Waking of the Hawk" was a pretty good story.

Issue #32 was great! I rate it as follows: the cover got a "B" but on its artistic merit alone. I assure you, Corben is a good artist, but someone should help him with a couple of ideas about subjects. I mean, a beautiful girl holding hands with a monster that looks like a pointy-eared King Kong? Oh, come now! SUPER-HERO got an "A—" because everything was perfect except the art. It was not quite up to the quality that I associate with Tom Sutton's regal monicker. THE WAKING OF THE HAWK rated a "C+" because it had a dumb subject. The art was good but Fox's script was pretty poor. THE WAILING TOWER got a "B+". Frank Bolle's art was superb and I liked the surprise ending but there wasn't enough blood and guts. BOOKWORM got an "A". Corben's art was good. I gave I FELL FOR YOU an "A+" because it had great art, magnificent dialogue, and one of the finest surprise endings I've ever seen. SOUL POWER got a "B—" because the art was good but I think the script could have been improved upon. ICE WORLD received a "D". This is probably the worst your magazine has ever printed. I mean, a refrigerator complete with spaceships and monsters with spears? How amateurish can you get? I'd expect to find that one in some of your competitor's rags. All things considered, the whole issue managed to get by with a "B". Keep up the good work, Cuz.

BRIAN RICHARDSON
Herculaneum, Mo.

That's what I like, Brian. Constructive criticism from readers who speak their minds. We don't all agree with you, but we like hearing from you anyway. And here's something you might keep in mind when frowning upon way-out ideas such as the microscopic world within the refrigerator. A long time ago, a wise old sage by the name of William Shakespeare once said something to the effect that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Mull that one over, Brian, ole boy, the next time one of those ideas seems too "far-out".

In the story "The Drop", (Eerie issue #31) I was so interested in it, that I began wondering what that cube was the teen-age boy gave to his girlfriend. I thought it was tough when in the end he stepped on her and thought it was only an insect. But I didn't find out what that cube was. Could you tell me?

ROBIN HYMAN
Johnsonburg, N.Y.

That cube was something you or anybody else should never, ever take, Robin.

I have about sixty Warren horror magazines and I really enjoy reading what the other fans have to say on your letters pages. I also enjoy seeing the drawings and the stories they have done. Of course I like the magazine stories best of all. Though the fans are unprofessional, their art, stories, poems, etc., are fun to read. I like to draw monsters and have quite a few of them. Recently, I sent two poems (I also like to write) but I keep all of my artwork because I probably wouldn't get them back if I sent them to you.

AJAY MATHESON
Walla Walla, Wis.

Glad to hear you keep up with our horror mags. The poems you sent in shows you have talent for writing. Why not send in a drawing of yours? If you wish your work sent back to you, provided we print it or not, simply enclose a stamped self addressed envelope and your art will definitely be returned.

I am a regular reader of your EERIE magazine and think that they're just great! I just bought issue #30 and noticed that your stories are getting a bit too modern. Do try to put time back a little, eh? Next, I want you to put more vampires in your stories. Apart from these two criticisms, you have the grooviest books in the universe!

PAUL SPEICH
Claremont, Cape
South Africa

More stories with vampires coming up, Paul. Plus, time periods for a few of these vampires will be in the distant past. Although you may see a few in the future also, but never-the-less . . . vampires, vampires, and more vampires are on the way.

EDITOR'S CORRECTION

Just before press time of the May issue of EERIE #33, it was discovered an error had been made in giving credit to the writer of the story

THE PEST!

Frantically, we tried to "stop the presses!" But it was too late. So . . . herewith, in this issue, is the correction to that error. The story was written

by STEVE SKEATES
(Not Al Hewetson)

Apologies to both writers, especially to Steve.



In one of your answers to a letter in issue #32, you called Uncle Creepy a "creepy ole bag of bones". I think you have no right calling him that. What's the matter, can't you face the fact that Creepy is a better magazine than Eerie? Do you have to call him names because of that fact? You should be ashamed of yourself, Cousin Eerie! It may interest you to know that my friends and I have sworn never to buy Eerie again. From now on we're CREEPY fans. We might even send for Creepy back issues. From my point of view Uncle Creepy is tops in my neighborhood and soon HE'LL be tops in EVERY neighborhood, because where ever I go, I'll be sure to tell my friends that you two are always fighting and calling each other names. I want you to print this letter so that everybody can see how I feel about you calling him 'bone-bags'. (P.S. . . . and you used to be my favorite. Boy, was I wrong.)

JOANNE NEGRON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

When your letter is printed Joanne, I hope you, all your

friends and that Creepy ole bag of bones reads it. By the way, have you seen what he's been calling me? If you haven't, watch for his next issue and be sure to count the names he throws at me on his letters pages. When you do, I'm sure you'll drop him and be on my side again. (His favorite name for me is "Jellybelly") The nerve of that ole pimped-nosed creep!

In Eerie #30, your story "I, Werewolf" shows the vampire with fangs on the top AND the bottom. I thought vampires only had fangs on the top set of teeth. You have the same thing depicted for the werewolf also. These two creatures are only supposed to have fangs on the bottom. Also, would you please stop having those corny 'Frankenstein-like' stories? They're getting a little hard to take and I'm sure many of your other readers (just as I am) are sick and tired of them.

SCOTT MISKIMON
N. Palm Beach, Fla.

Why complain, Scott? Most fans clamored for more vampires and werewolves. Then when I finally put some in my mag, you pick on their fangs. For somebody who is not a vampire you certainly have an intimate knowledge of where the fangs are supposed to be. Have you sucked any blood lately? Not meaning to sound gruff on you, Scott . . . but most of our artists try to depict a story through their illustrations intending to enhance the visual effects with as much detail as possible. I'm sure many of our other readers won't mind if our vampires and werewolves have fangs on the top or on the bottom, or even fangs on their fingers . . . just as long as there's a vampire or a werewolf in the stories. Right, fang fans???

I must confess that I don't read EERIE or CREEPY, or for that matter, VAMPIRELLA regularly, because the issues were always much more gory than I thought was necessary. However, I am a comic art fan so I did buy occasional issues. One such issue was Eerie #32, the best of any illustrated comic I've ever seen. There was very little gore, and what there was was necessary for full effect of each story. If you publish more perfect issues like that one, I just may become a regular buyer of all Warren magazines.

JIM TRUE
Concord, Mass.

Well, Jim . . . it seems you're not in accord with a few of my other readers who have constantly asked for more gore. Especially Peter S. Calandra Jr. of Hoboken, N.J., who suggested more bloody gore in our stories (Re: letters page, issue #32). What'll we do now?

WRITE ON!

Keep those letters coming right on into

READ LETTERS

c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So . . .
WRITE ON, fans . . .
WRITE ON!

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

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cancer
you can
give
yourself.



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isn't it?

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

THE WAY **MARTIN BORVO** IS CRINGING WITH **FEAR** DOWN THERE YOU'D NEVER GUESS HE WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOUSE HE **GREW UP IN**. THIS IS **BRIARCLIFF**, THE ANCESTRAL MANSE OF THE ANCIENT BORVO FAMILY. **MARTIN** AND **FLETCHER BORVO** WERE BORN HERE AND LIVED WITHIN THESE MELENCOLY WALLS MORE OR LESS HAPPILY UNTIL THEY DISCOVERED...

DARTING IS SUCH SWEET HORROR

IT MEANS AN **END** TO ALL THE **QUEER** THINGS THAT'VE BEEN HAPPENING TO YOU MARTIN, ALL THAT **TORTURE**, **HORROR** AND **ANGUISH** GONE IF YOU'VE GOT THE GLITS TO ENTER BRIARCLIFF ONE LAST TIME.



NEVER SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU... LET YOU DRAG ME OUT HERE! I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TAKE ANOTHER STEP!

ARNOLD, I **LOVE** YOU AND I CAN SAY THIS, ARNOLD, YOU ARE **CHICKEN**. I WILL NOT LOVE A SPINLESS CHICKEN.

ALL THE OTHER WINDOWS ARE **LOCKED** AND **BARRED** EXCEPT THIS ONE, IT'S **OPEN**!

THAT'S BRIARCLIFF. LOCKED AND BARRED! OOFF!



GOLDIE! DON'T LEAVE ME! LOOK! I'M GOING IN!

THAT'S A BOY ARNOLD! ONCE YOU STAND IN THE VERY ROOM WHERE YOUR BROTHER DIED YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT THE LINK THAT BOUND YOU TWO TWINS IS AS DEAD AND GONE AS SHE IS!

YOU'LL REALIZE THAT IF ANY PSYCHIC LINK EVER EXISTED BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR TWIN IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T EXIST BEYOND THE GRAVE!

PHEW! IT STINKS TO HIGH HEAVEN IN HERE. CAN'T SEE A THING!

ONCE YOU DISMISS THIS LINK BUSINESS FROM YOUR TROUBLED MIND WE CAN LIVE A NORMAL LIFE. A VERY **FAT** NORMAL LIFE WITH THE EVEN **MILLION**! MY HERO INHERITS!



THE WINDOW BARS! THEY'VE FALLEN BACK IN PLACE. WE'RE TRAPPED!

TOM SUTTON

ART AND STORY BY TOM SUTTON

**TRAPPED! WE CAN'T GO BACK! THE
WALLS ARE NARROWING...CEILINGS LOWER...
WE'RE IN SOME KIND OF TUNNEL!**

WALLS ARE WET, SLICK WITH
SOME *UGH* SLIMEY
MEMBRANE, LIKE A WET
COBWEB!

**GOD! IT SMELLS
OF ROT!**

I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE
GOLDIE! I'M CLAUSTROPHOBIC!

I GOTTA
GET OUT!

NO
WAIT,
MARTIN,
DON'T
PANIC!

**GOLDIE!
I'M HALF
BURIED!**

FIRST THE
WINDOW
BARS, NOW
A CAVE IN!

HOLD ON

UNCH!
THERE YOUR
FREE!

TRY NOT TO **SHAKE** SO
MUCH, MARTIN, SOME
OF THE CEILINGS FALLIN'

WE'RE TRAPPED
UNDER A MOUNTAIN
OF GARBAGE!

HOLD ON TO ME LOVER
AND KEEP CRAWLING
FORWARD!

WHAT'S A
NICE GIRL
LIKE ME
DOIN' IN
A PLACE
LIKE THIS?

C'MON MARTIN
WE'RE GONNA
BE *OKAY*!

THERE'S AN
END TO THIS
MAZE SOME-
PLACE!

WHAT I WON'T DO FOR THOSE MILLIONS!

I TOLD YOU I COULD
ALWAYS FEEL WHAT
MY TWIN... WHAT
FLETCHER FEELS !

THE **LINK** STILL
WORKS, HE'S
ALIVE, GOLDIE !
AND YET... YET

HE CAN'T
BE ALIVE!

SCRAPE
SHUFFLE

MARTIN YOU TOLD ME
YOU R BROTHER
DIED OF A HEART
ATTACK AFTER A
VIOLENT
ARGUMENT
YOU HAD! WAS
THAT **ALL**
THERE WAS
TO IT??

WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

LIKE A HEART BEATING

NOT QUITE ALL,
GOLPIE!

YOU SEE THE REASON I'M
SO **SURE** HE IS DEAD, IS...

**BECAUSE I KILLED
HIM RIGHT HERE
IN *THIS*
HOUSE!**

NOT QUITE ALL,
GOLDIE! YOU SEE THE REASON I'M
SO SURE HE IS DEAD, IS...
THUMP-A-THUMP-A-THUMP-A-THUMP-





AN OVERWHELMING STENCH SEARS THEIR LUNGS AS THOUGH THE SMOTHERING THICK ATMOSPHERE OF A LONG RUINED AND BEFOULLED ROOM, MARTIN BORVO IS REUNITED WITH HIS TWIN...



THE VOICE THAT ANSWERED HIM, IF IT COULD BE PROPERLY CALLED A VOICE AT ALL, WAS WEAK AND THIN, A SCRATCHY WHISPER GASPED OUT IN THE OPPRESSIVE SILENCE.



I SURVIVED, MARTIN!
I CHEATED YOU OF
YOUR TRIUMPH.
I SURVIVED
AT ANY COST!

HE CAN'T MOVE!
HE WON'T CHEAT
ME OUT OF THE
LIFE I PLANNED
SO CAREFULLY,
NOT NOW!

YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU'RE ENTOMBED
IN HERE AND
YOU'RE DEAD AND
YOU'LL STAY
DEAD!

THE STAKE SINKS INTO FLETCHERS PUDDING-LIKE
BODY. THE FLACID FETID FLESH BEGINS TO
FOLD AROUND GOLDIE!

LOOK OUT,
GOLDIE!!

AAAARRRRGGHH!
HIS FLESH
IS LIKE BURNING
ACID!

YOU BRING ME
A FRESH THING
MAARTINN...
GOOD!

IT HAS BEEN SO
LONG SINCE I
HAD A FRESH THING!

GOOD... GOOD
MAAARTINN...
...FRESSH!

OH! GASPE
GOD...
NO!
!CHOKE!

EVEN NOW
I CAN FEEL
WHAT HE
FEELS! I
CAN GASPE
TASTE
WHAT HE
TASTES!

THE LINK STILL EXISTS, STRONGER
THAN EVER!

YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN DEAD!

YOU SHOULD
HAVE BEEN...
AND THE
LINK WOULD
HAVE BEEN
SEVERED
AT LAST!

MAARTIINN...
MORE...MAARTIINN...

I WOULD HAVE HAD **GOLDIE** AND THE **MONEY** AND...





LOOK LIVELY THERE, LADS! WE'RE TAKING A VOYAGE INTO THE PAST, BACK TO A TIME WHEN FACT AND MYTH MESH AS ONE! SO GET READY, FEAR FANS! IN A MOMENT, YOU'LL TINGLE WITH TERROR AS YOU GAZE INTO...

EYE OF CYCLOPS!



THE DREADFUL DRAMA CLIMAXED!
LIKE FRIGHTENED CENTIPEDES THE
SURVIVING VESSELS FLED OUT TO SEA
AND EVENING'S FALL...

COARDS! CRAVEN
DOGS! THEY LEAVE THE
OTHERS TO DROWN OR BE
TAKEN BY THE MONSTER!

NOT SO,
PERIANDER,
THEY DID
RIGHTLY!

OH CRUELEST
GODS! NOW THE
BEAST TRUSSES
THEM UP LIKE
GEESE TO BE
SLAUGHTERED!

PATIENCE,
PERIANDER! WEEP
FOR THE MANY WHO
DROWNED AMID THE
COAST ROCKS! BUT THE
OTHERS MAY STILL
BE SAVED!

UNCERTAINLY, PERIANDER WATCHED
THE MONSTER TRUDGE AWAY, DRAG-
GING BEHIND A SQUIRMING TANGLE
OF WAILING CAPTIVES...

BUT, CAPTAIN,
WE ARE ONLY TWO!
CAN TWO SLIGHT REEDS
UPROOT A GREAT
OAK?

RIGHTLY??!! LOOK
YONDER, CAPTAIN! SEE HOW
THE MONSTER SCOOPS UP OUR
LADS LIKE HELPLESS
GRUNION! THE OTHER
SHIPS MIGHT HAVE...

...MIGHT HAVE
REMAINED AND
BEEN SMASHED
TO KINDLING
AS WELL!

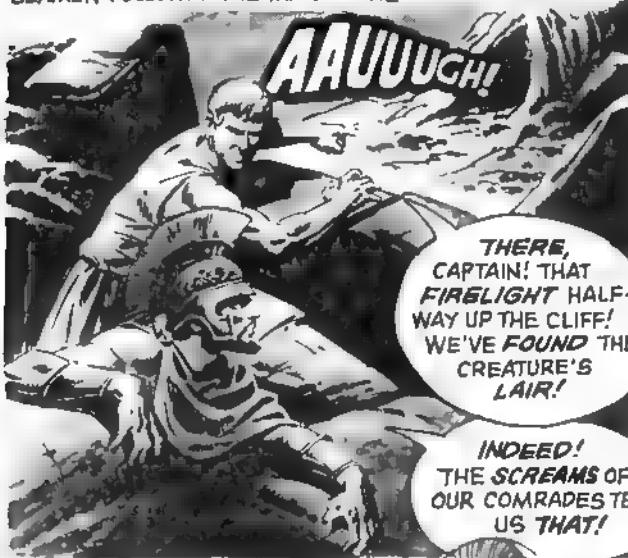
SAVED?
BUT WHO
REMAINS
TO SAVE
THEM?

WE, PERIANDER!
WE REMAIN!

NICANOR LAUGHED THE GRIM
LAUGH PERIANDER HAD COME TO
EXPECT OF HIS CAPTAIN IN TIMES
OF GREAT DANGER...

WE ARE
THINKING REEDS,
PERIANDER! WITH OUR
CUNNING, WE WILL
FELL THIS CYCLOPS,
BE HE MIGHTY AS
AN OAK OR NOT!

THROUGH DUSK AND MOONLIT DARKNESS, THE TWO GREEK SEAMEN FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF THE DREAD CYCLOPS...



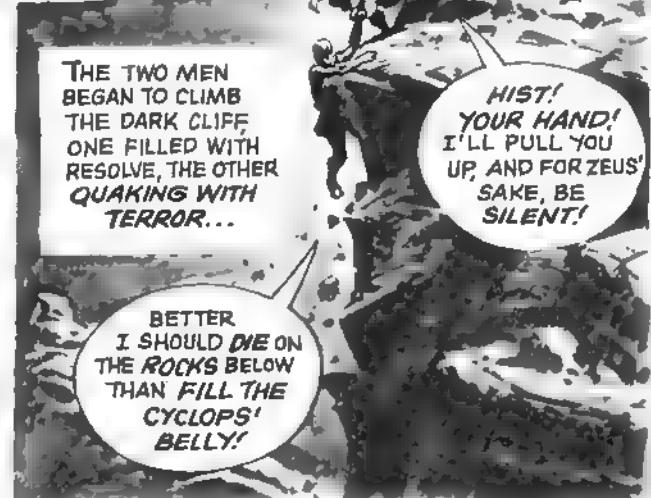
PERIANDER'S FACE TURNED TO THE COLOR OF OLD BONE...



AND... WHEN HE'S DONE WITH THEM, HE'LL HAVE US ON THE SPIT!



THE TWO MEN BEGAN TO CLIMB THE DARK CLIFF, ONE FILLED WITH RESOLVE, THE OTHER QUAKING WITH TERROR...



A NEW DAWN FOUND THEM
WELL ABOVE THE CYCLOPS'
CAVERN...

I TELL
YOU, PERIANDER,
AS SURE AS MY
MOTHER BORE
ME, THE PLAN
WILL NOT
FAIL!

BUT...
SUPPOSE THE
ROCK MISSES? SUP-
POSE THE MONSTER'S
BRAINS AREN'T
DASHED OUT?

NICANOR LAUGHED DARKLY...

THEN,
MAN, IT WILL
BE OUR BRAINS
THAT ARE
DASHED!

BRENDAN REILLY 20

NOW,
MAN! PRAY
VULCAN PUT
MIGHT IN YOUR
ARMS! HEAVE!

OH,
BEAUTIFUL DAWN,
BEAUTIFUL DAY
WITH MY LARDER
FULL OF MAN
MEAT!

RRROOM

RROOOWWAARR!

HO! YOU OBSERVE THEM,
ORB-EYED PET! TWO MEALS
STILL MUST BE BROUGHT TO
MY TABLE!

RUN,
PERIANDER!
HE'S SEEN US!



BUT, AS THE ORANGE SUN DROWNED ITSELF IN THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN...

SEE THESE TWO!... THEY LED ME A MERRY CHASE, BUT **NONE ESCAPES!** ONE BY ONE, YOU'LL GO IN **PIECES** DOWN MY **GULLET** AND SLEEP THE **DEATH SLEEP** IN **MY BELLY!**

HAVING GORGED HIMSELF, THE MONSTER FELL INTO A HEAVY SLUMBER, BUT...

WHAT MANNER OF THING IS THAT?

A FAMILIAR TO THE CYCLOPS, PERHAPS! IN ANY CASE, IT CLINGS TO ITS MASTER DURING HIS EVERY WAKING HOUR!

NOW, LADS, WE'LL NEED THE CUNNING OF ULYSSES TO WIN FREE, BUT...

SOON, EVEN THE MONKEY-LIKE CREATURE PASSED INTO SLEEP...

BUT AS DAWN FLUSHED ROSY IN THE EAST...

YAWN: WELL, PET, HOW SLEPT YOU? WHAT YOU THINK OF MAN FINGER FOR YOUR BREAKFAST?

IN STRIDES THAT MADE THE CAVERN TREMBLE, THE CYCLOPS CAME TO THE CAGE AND PLUCKED PERIANDER OUT.

NOW, SWIFT AND QUIET! WITH ENOUGH SWEAT, WE'LL EVENTUALLY CUT THROUGH WITH THESE SHARP STONES!

NOT ME! TAKE ANOTHER... PLEASE SPARE ME AND I'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE!

THE LONG DAY'S CHASE HAD GIVEN THE CYCLOPS A GREAT APPETITE! HE FEASTED MIGHTILY...

TOMORROW MORN? NEXT EVENING? WHEN WILL HE SNATCH ME OUT OF THE CAGE TO **BASTE** OVER THE **FLAMES**?

SPEAK, SQUEAKING RABBIT! HOW WILL YOU SAVE ME AND FROM WHAT?



THE OTHERS... THEY ARE CUTTING THROUGH THE CAGE LASHINGS ... SOON...

BREAKING FREE OF THE CAGE, NICANOR SNATCHED UP THE SHAFT OF A BROKEN CAR POLE...



NOW! WE'LL HAVE NO OTHER CHANCE!

AHA! THE RINGLEADER REVEALS HIMSELF!

OH MIGHTY GODS, LET MY AIM BE TRUE!



THE CYCLOPS' ROAR OF PAIN REVERBERATED IN THE CAVERNS LIKE CANNON THUNDER...



CAPTAIN NICANOR, LAST TO REACH THE VALLEY FLOOR, PAUSED TO TAUNT THE STRICKEN CYCLOPS...

HEAR ME, BLINDEYE! ULYSSES BLINDED ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS LONG AGO! NOW I, NICANOR THE ATHENIAN, HAVE DONE THE SAME TO YOU!



AS THE CYCLOPS APPEARED UPON THE HIGH LEDGE, THE SAILORS BEGAN TO CHEER NOISILY...



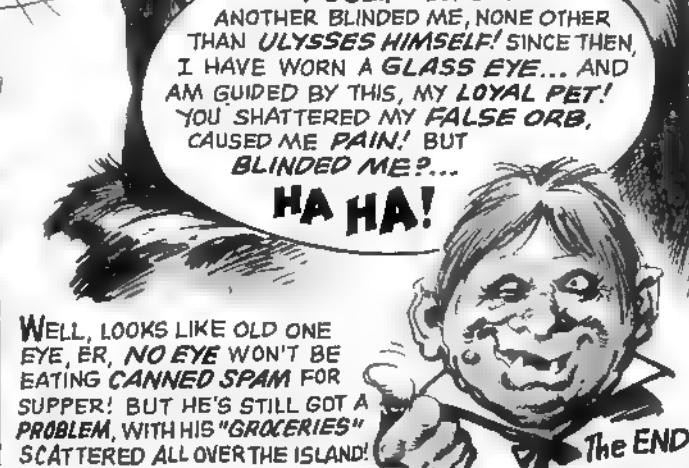
THEN NICANOR'S TAUNTS DIED IN HIS THROAT...



THE CYCLOPS BEGAN TO DESCEND AMID A SUDDEN DREADFUL SILENCE...



THE MONSTER REACHED THE GROUND, LOOMED NEARER! NICANOR'S UNEASINESS GAVE WAY TO FEAR! HE TURNED TO RUN, BUT



The END

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST... IS GROTESQUE!

LOCH NESS MONSTER
ARE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE
WHO HAVE YIELDED TO THE
EMPTATIONS OF THE DEVIL!

BE THAT AS IT MAY...
THAT THE DAMNED LIE
SOMEWHERE IN THE
BOWELS OF DARKNESS.

WE TAKE YOU BACK...BACK
TO THE 17TH CENTURY WHERE
THE SCENE IS SET FOR OUR PLAY
OF THE **MACABRE!** WHERE THE RAIN
GUSHES FROM THE NIGHT SKY IN Torrents
UPON **CASTLE MORAG**... A CASTLE WITH
A HISTORY OF HORROR AND SORRY
A MAN CAN CALL IT A CASTLE
A HOME
THIS AFRICAN VILLAGE
IS HOME TO FRIGHT AND HORROR

ART BY MIKE ROYER/STORY BY ALAN HEWETSON



WHAT...WHAT DO YE
WANT MEN...IS...IS
SOMETHING TROUBLING
YOU?

THROUBLING LIS...HAH —
BARON...WE'VE A SENSE
O' HUMOUR AFTER ALL!

HUMOROUS—
I FIND LITTLE
FLINN ABOUT
YOR BATTING
YOUR WAY INTO
MY HOME LIKE
THIS...WHAT
DO YE WANT?!

WHAT DOES HE SAY...?
CAN BE ANYONE SO
SIMPLE MINDED—?
WE WANT YOUR
BLOOD, MORAG!

AHE...THAT'S RIGHT—!
WE'VE KEPT JS IN
RANK POVERTY JUST
TOO LONG...HE AND
THAT HATED FAMILY
TREE THAT HANGS
BEH ND YE ON TH'
WALL, MORAG!

WHAT DO YE MEAN...
MY BLOOD? I'VE
DONE NOTHING...
NOTHING—!

WELL THEN...WE'LL DIE FOR
MAINTEN, MORAG...AND
WE'LL BE GO N' TO
HEAVEN TOO...INSTEAD
O' HELL...IF WE'VE DONE
NOTHIN'!

I CURSE YE^{OO}
BY EVERY THOUGHT...
BY EVERY DEED THAT
BE WITHIN MY POWER!
I'LL COME BACK
FOR YE^{OO} AND HAVE MY
VENGEANCE...
EEEAAAAGCH!

THE DEED IS DONE, MORAG...
THOSE WHOM YOU TORTURED
ALL THOSE YEARS HAVE HAD
THEIR VENGEANCE ON YOU!

BUT YOUR CURSE...YOU
SWORE YOU'D GET EVEN
WITH THEM! YOU SWORE
YOU'D GO BACK...
AFTER THEM!

NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE, MORAG...

WHAT MANNER
OF PLACE
IS THIS?

IS THIS...
DEATH?

WHAT
MEANS THIS
LINE...?

WHY
DOES
NO ONE
SEE
ME?

WHAT
DOES IT
MEAN?

HEY THERE—!
KEEP IN LINE!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK THIS IS—
A PARADE?

PARADE?
I KNOW NOT
WHAT A
PARADE IS!

I KNOW NOT
EVEN WHERE
I AM!

WHERE
THE HELL
DO YOU
THINK YOU
ARE, FELLA...?
NOW GET
IN LINE
AND STAY
IN LINE...
YOUR TURN
WILL COME...
EVENTUALLY!
HEH HEH!

RIGHT NOW...JUST
TELL US ONE
THING... HOW?

HOW...WHEN YOU DRIFT...
AIMLESSLY...HELPLESSLY...
THROUGH NOTHING! HOW
CAN YOU GO BACK—WHEN
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

I'VE... BEEN
STANDING
HERE
FOR
HOURS!

WHEN WILL
IT BE MY... MY TURN?

BE QUIET!
YOU'RE IN
THE PRESENCE!
YOUR TIME'LL
BE UP SHORTLY!
NOW SHUT UP
FELLA...OR YOU'LL
BE IN DEEP
TROUBLE!

THE
PRESENCE
OF
WHAT...
OR
WHO?

NO-NO! DON'T BE ANDICULOUS! OF COURSE I'M NOT! EVERYONE ASKS ME THAT! I GOTTA GET A SEN AND HAVE IT STUCK ON MY CHEST IF THIS KEEPS UP!

YOU'RE NO... YOU'RE NO MUM ARE YE?

NOW LOOK...! LET'S MAKE THIS AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE, EH CHUM? LET'S SEE... BORN 1612, TH' SON OF... OH HIM: YOU'RE FROM A LONG LINE OF 'EM, ARENT YOU?

NOW... WHAT ELSE IS HERE...? DID GREAT INJUSTICE TO LOCAL PEASANTRY... I WELL, YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO THE RIGHT PLACE ANWWAH!

NOW LOOK HERE! I DINNA KEN WHAT ANDICULOUS EVER UP TO... BUT I'LL NO PUT UP WI' IT!

I'D BE SURPRISED IF YOL WERE IN A POSITION TO DO ANYTHING BUT PUT UP WITH IT, FELLA! NOW, JUST SETTLE DOWN AND...

YOUR WHAT? YOUR VENGEANCE! OH, NOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE! WHAT A PROBLEM— SO MUCH ANDICULOUS INVOLVED:

WELL... WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT? WHEN CAN I PULL MY THROAT AND...

DOWN HERE, BARON, YOUR QUARTERS ARE JUST TO THE LEFT:

I WANT TY SEE ANWWAH I WANT TY SEE H M NOWY

NOW, NOW, BARON! JUST SETTLE DOWN: REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! NOT THAT IT MATTERS DOWN HERE, I SUPPOSE... BUT ANYWAY...

I'LL NO SETTLE DOON DOAL UNTIL I'VE HAD MY VENGEANCE!

ALRIGHT, BUDDY, ALRIGHT! JUST RELAX! YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO SEE HIM ABOUT THAT... I'LL SEE YOL UP AN APPOINTMENT: SHOULD COME UP IN A FEW DANS... MAYBE. NOW GO WITH YOUR GUARD, WHO'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO GO! NEXT, NEXT PLEASE!

ME BLOOD PRESSURE! I WONDER WHAT THAT CAN BE?

SUCH A STRANGE PLACE THIS IS... NEVER WHAT I IMAGINED HELL WOULD BE LIKE:

WELL... WHEN ANY TIME COMES WITH HIM... I'LL BE FIRM AN INVEST ON MY DUE... MY WORD... A-E MY DIVINE WORD IS AT STAKE.

THIS STRANGE... ALL THESE PEOPLE IN SUCH... ODD COSTUME. WHERE CAN THEY BE ALL FROM?

AND IF THIS IS HELL... HOW IS IT THEM ENJOY THEMSELVES— WHERE BE THE FIRE AND BRIMSTONE? WHERE IS THE MISERY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HELL?

I SEE NOTHING ABOUT ME BUT... HAPPINESS! STILL, I'LL HAVE NONE OF IT... UNTL I HAVE ME REVENGE!



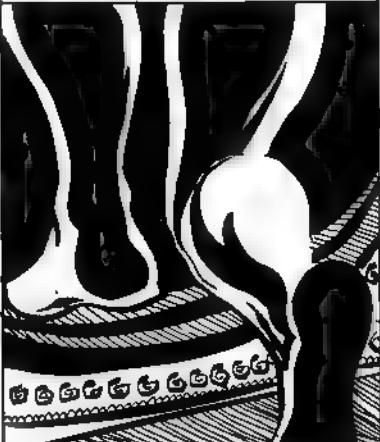




PROLOGUE

THE SHIP WAS POWERLESS. SOME SORT OF MALFUNCTION HAD ALLOWED THE FUEL SUPPLY TO LEAK AWAY.... AND NOW THE SHIP WAS SIMPLY FLOATING... AIMLESSLY FLOATING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE

THE FOOD SUPPLY HAD LONG SINCE BEEN DEPLETED. AND THE THREE OF YOU... YOURSELF, MARSHA AND CONWAY... WERE STARVING....



BUT THE OTHER TWO WERE TAKING IT MUCH BETTER THAN YOU... THE HUNGER HAD NOT DRIVEN THEM HALF-MAD... AND YOU KNEW WHY...



THEY'RE GHOULS! NOTHING BUT GHOULS! BUT THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! BECAUSE I'M GONNA BEAT THEM TO THE PUNCH!





IF YOU'RE STARVING FOR A TALE YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO, PERHAPS I CAN INTEREST YOU GHOULISH GUESTS IN THIS BIT OF...

food for thought

NOW, THEIR CLEAN WHITE BONES STARE UPAT YOU, MUTE REMINDERS OF MARSHA'S SCREAM...

CAN'T GET HER SCREAM OUT OF MY MIND! KEEP HEARING IT! LORD! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE A BITE OF ANYTHING WITHOUT HEARING HER SCREAM!

DIDN'T WANT TO KILL THEM! BUT I HAD TO!

IT WAS THEM OR ME!



YOU PICKED THEIR BONES CLEAN LONG AGO. AND NOW, THE HUNGER AGAIN GNAWS AT YOUR INSIDES...

IF ONLY I HADN'T EATEN THEM SO FAST!

CAN'T KEEP GOING! STOMACH TYING IN KNOTS! NEED SOMETHING... ANYTHING! EVEN IF IT MEANS HEARING THOSE SCREAMS AGAIN...!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

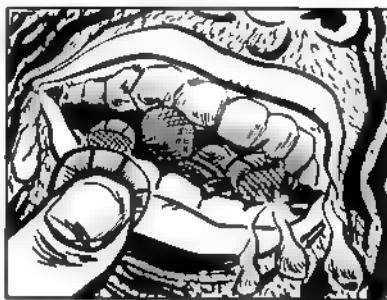
JUST THEN...





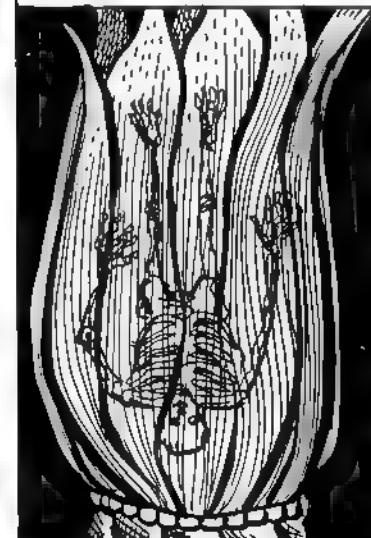
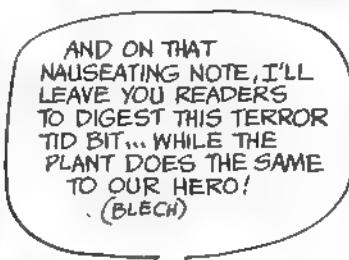
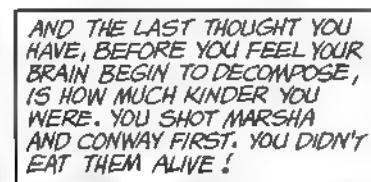


YOU SHOVE THEM INTO YOUR MOUTH BY THE HAND FULLS. YOU CHOMP DOWN, IGNORING THE MANY TINY SCREAMS, AS THE THICK RED JUICE TRICKLES DOWN YOUR CHIN, LIKE BLOOD.....



AND YOU FAIL TO NOTICE THE VINE, AS IT CURLS AROUND YOUR FEET...





BLACK CURRENTS OF VAPOR SWIRLED ABOUT THE WARRIOR'S FIGURE AS HE HEARD THE OMINOUS WORDS...

the VOW of the WIZARD...

YOU HAVE TAKEN THE ONE POSSESSION I PRIZED ABOVE ALL, WARRIOR! THE WOMAN IS YOURS...FOR NOW! I SHALL RETRIEVE HER ONE DAY...AT YOUR COST, WARRIOR!

ERNIE

AND THE COST, WARRIOR,
SHALL BE HIGH INDEED!

RIDE HARD, WIZARD!
YOU HAVE NO STOMACH
FOR COMBAT- SO RIDE...
COWARD! HAHAHA!!



WE SHALL SEE, WARRIOR! SCREAMS THE HATE MAD-DENED WIZARD "FAREWELL FOR NOW! SOMEDAY YOU WILL RETURN TO MY KINGDOM... THEN, YOU WILL BE SUBJECT TO MY WILL" FAREWELL, THARGOVIUS!"

MONTHS PASSED... THARGOVIUS LONGED FOR THE ADVENTURE OF TRAVEL. THE CLASH AND CLAMOR OF BATTLE ROARED IN HIS MEMORY, BUT...



THARGOVIUS BIDED THE ENDLESS TIME IN MOCK COMBAT, BUT HIS ENNUI BREED A FEROCITY THAT DISCOURAGED HIS MOST DETERMINED COMPETITORS.



GNAWING IMPATIENCE... WAITING FOR EXCITEMENT... ANY EXCITEMENT... OTHER THAN MOUNTING BOREDOM. ONE DAY...



THERE'S BEEN TALK OF A GREAT CARAVAN... RUBIES, GOLD, TO THE NORTH, NEAR THE WASTE-LAND, IT IS THE WEALTH OF THE WIZARD AKEB-KUR...

WHO DESIRES THE DEATH OF KANHYA TOTH! LITTLE WONDER YOU KEPT THIS FROM ME!

CURSE HIS VOW! I FEAR NONE! LEAST OF ALL THE WEAKLING KHANHYA TOTH!

BUT SURELY, YOU REMEMBER THE VOW OF THE WIZARD **TOTH!** I BELIEVE THIS TO BE A TRICK OF HIS, TO **LURE** YOU TO YOUR DEATH!

THE WASTELAND IS NOT FAR... THREE DAYS' END SHALL SEE MY GAIN, THE DEATH OF KANHYA TOTH... AND THE WIZARD AKEB-KUR SHALL **PAY** ME FOR IT! HA HA!

THEREF. THE CARAVAN OF AKEB-KUR, AND SOON THE DEATH OF KANHYA TOTH.

I AM THE WIZARD OF THE AGES... AKEB-KUR! YOU ARE THARGOVIS, THE WARRIOR, COME, LET US SPEAK OF **DEATH**!

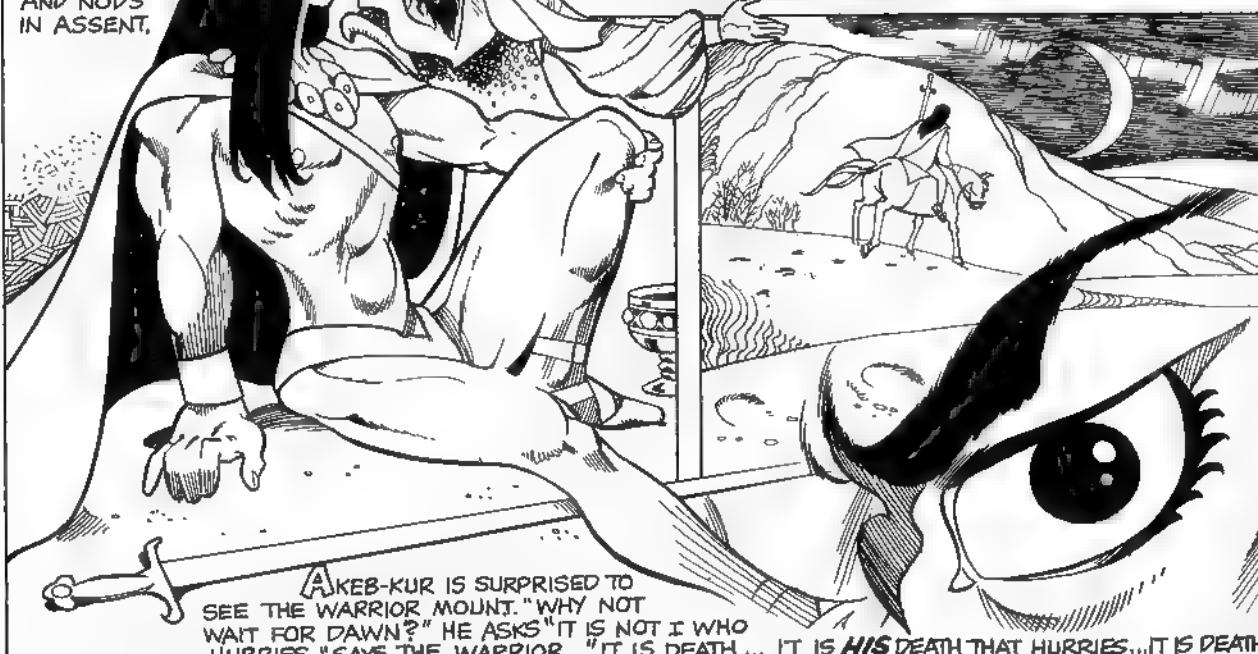
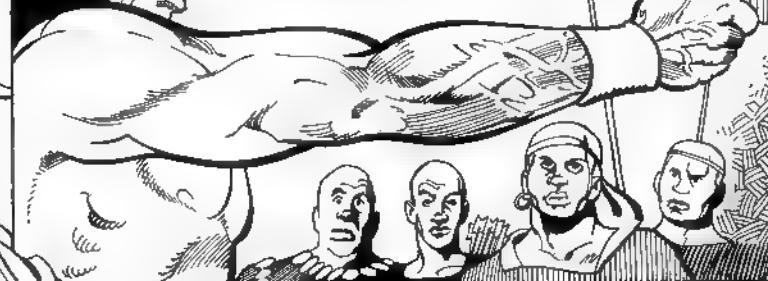
"KANHYA-TOTH," INTONES AKEB-KUR SARCASTICALLY.
"THE FALSE WIZARD, HIS DEATH WOULD GIVE
PLEASURE TO US BOTH.
YOU WILL UNDERTAKE
IT, WARRIOR?"

YOUR WORDS ARE SIMPLE...
AS YOU MUST IMAGINE
MY MIND TO BE. **FALSE**
WIZARD YOU SAY...
IF HE WERE
POWERLESS, YOU
WOULD HAVE HIS
HEAD **NOW**!
AKEB-KUR!



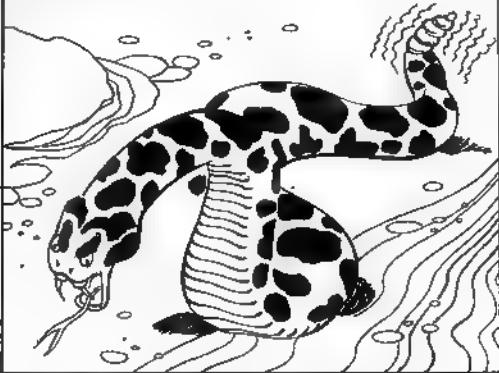
BUT FOR THIS TASK
YOU NEED A POWER
GREATER THAN YOURS
OR HIS... MY GOOD
ARM, AND YOU MAY
HAVE IT... FOR A
PRICE ...

"GOLD" WHISPERS AKEB-KUR...
"YOU SHALL HAVE IT...
ALL THE WEIGHT
YOUR MIGHTY
SHOULDERS
CAN BEAR!"
THE WARRIOR
SMILES...
AND NODS
IN ASSENT,



AKEB-KUR IS SURPRISED TO
SEE THE WARRIOR MOUNT. "WHY NOT
WAIT FOR DAWN?" HE ASKS "IT IS NOT I WHO
HURRIES," SAYS THE WARRIOR... "IT IS DEATH... IT IS **HIS** DEATH THAT HURRIES... IT IS DEATH."

AND DEATH THE WARRIOR FINDS IN ABUNDANCE... IN THE SEEMINGLY EMPTY DESERT... THE CRAWLING KILLERS IN IT'S SANDS...



...THE WILD JACKALS ON IT'S ROCKY SLOPES...



...WHEELING, KEENING GUARDIANS OF DEATH IN ITS SKIES...



...AND THE SKIES THEMSELVES GIVE DEATH...ON THE UNWARY... THE CARELESS...THE WEAK...

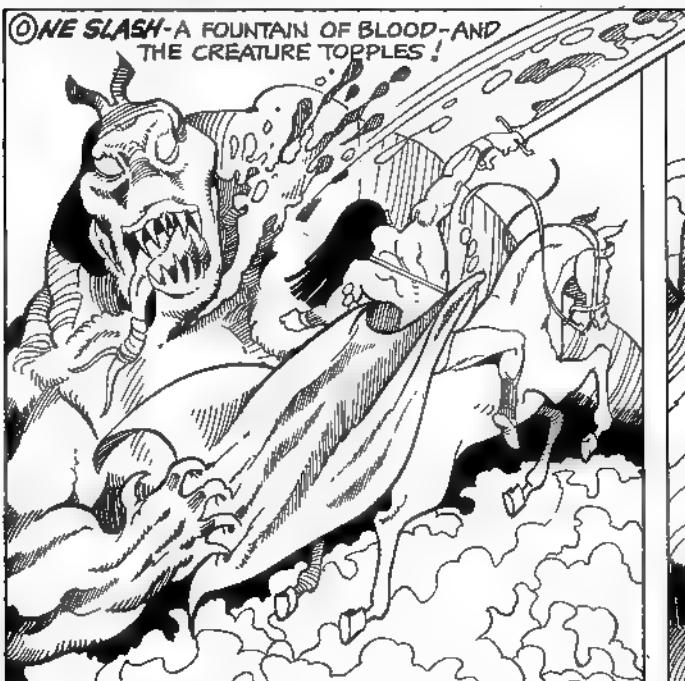


...FINALLY...THERE IS THE DEATH OF MANY FORMS, THE UNNATURAL CREATURES ARisen FROM THE INFERNAL POWERS OF THE WIZARD KANHYA-TOth.

THE FIRST HOBBLES TOWARD THE WARRIOR...



ONE SLASH-A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD-AND THE CREATURE TOPPLES!

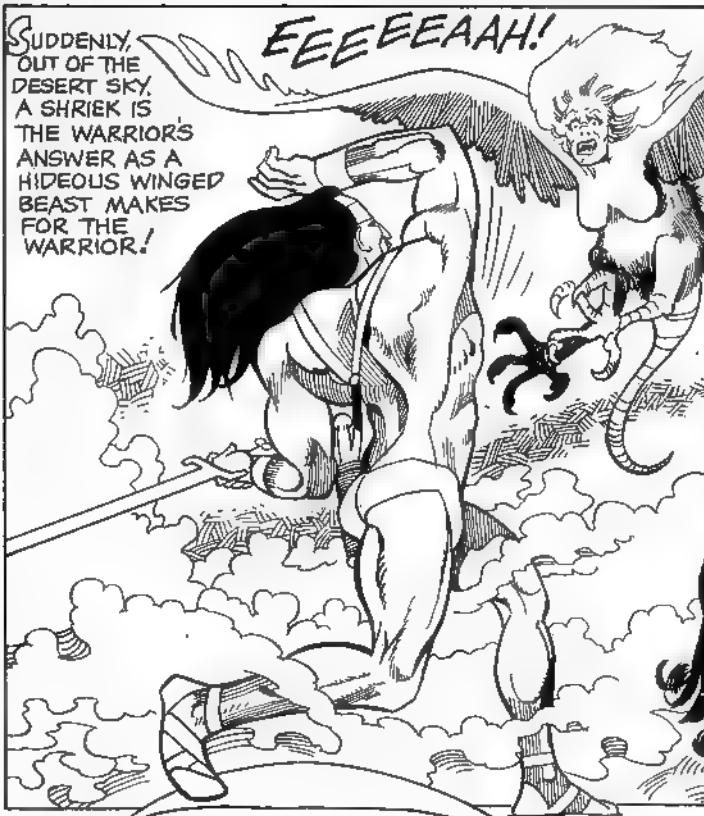


...HOW EASY IT HAD BEEN. HOW SIMPLE. WHY? WHY HAD IT BEEN AS IF-AS IF TO GIVE THE WARRIOR A TASTE OF BLOOD-WAS THERE SOMEONE SOME THING ELSE ON IT'S WAY TO THE WARRIOR?



SUDDENLY,
OUT OF THE
DESERT SKY,
A SHRIEK IS
THE WARRIOR'S
ANSWER AS A
HIDEOUS WINGED
BEAST MAKES
FOR THE
WARRIOR!

EEEEAAH!

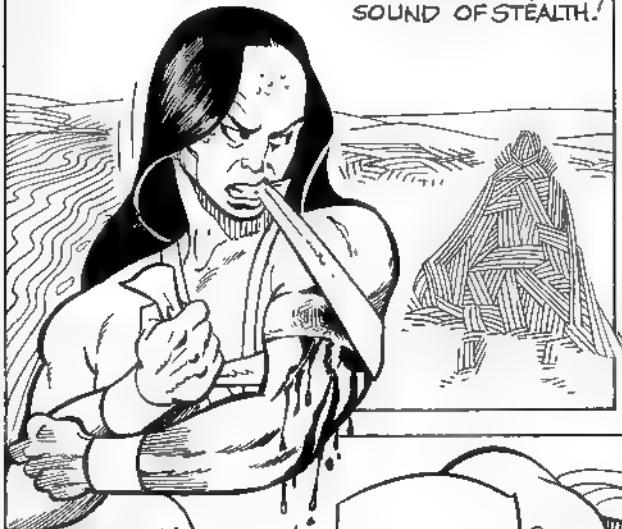


BACK! BACK! BACK!
BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
FILTH OF KANHYA-TOH! DIE!

LOATHSOME-CREATURE.
I KNOW THE... FIEND
THAT SENT YOU TO ME.
PREPARE TO RETURN
TO THE HELL FROM
WHENCE YOU CAME...



CALM RETURNS TO THE DESERT.. THE WARRIOR'S BREATH SPACES EVENLY AS HE BINDS THE UGLY WOUNDS THE WINGED CREATURE INFILDED. THEN BEHIND HIM - A SOUND OF STEALTH!



THE WIZARD AKEB-KUR! WE MEET AGAIN, FALSE WIZARD. AND YOUR VOW OF REVENGE? WHAT OF IT NOW?

REVENGE, WARRIOR? BUT I HAVE HAD MY REVENGE...



The END



LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR IT...? OFF IN THE DISTANCE, ABOVE THE WIND... IT'S COMING, DEAR READER! ANCIENT, MONSTROUS MENACE COMING OUT OF THE SKY, COMING WITH...

THE SOUND OF WINGS

FRENCH ALGERIA,
SHORTLY AFTER
THE TURN OF THE
CENTURY. TWO
EUROPEAN
EXPLORERS MAKE
THEIR WAY
THROUGH THE
SAHARA'S WASTES.
ONE'S SHARP EYES
PICK OUT AN OBJECT
HALF-BURIED IN THE
HEATED SAND...



"MY NAME IS JOHN ASQUITH AND MY STORY BEGINS IN AN OLD BOOKSTALL IN ORAN."

MAY I HELP YOU?

NO, JUST BROWSING!

"BUT I WAS HARDLY BROWSING... I WAS SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR THE LOST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THINGS IN TWILIGHT BY THE MAD POET GO'ORNA LEH WHICH I KNEW TO BE IN ORAN!"

THIS IS IT! I'VE FOUND IT AT LAST!!

"I BOUGHT IT AND RUSHED HOME TO MY STUDY. FOR THINGS IN TWILIGHT HELP THE SECRET OF RANKHET MORN, WINGED GOD OF THE SAHARA! AND I HAD PLANS FOR RANKHET MORN!"

IT'S ALL HERE!

"HENRI MARELLE WAS THE PRIMARY REASON!"

"A BOOR! A MAN OF LOW BREEDING WHO SOUGHT MY DAUGHTER CLAUDINE'S HAND IN MARRIAGE!"

"CLAUDINE, WHOM I HAD GROOMED TO MARRY A MAN OF BREEDING AND POSITION, WAS INFATUATED WITH HIM!"

IT MUST NOT BE!!!

"BUT MY HATRED OF MARELLE WAS TOO WELL KNOWN FOR ME TO DISPOSE OF HIM MYSELF... RANKHET MORH WOULD DO IT FOR ME!"



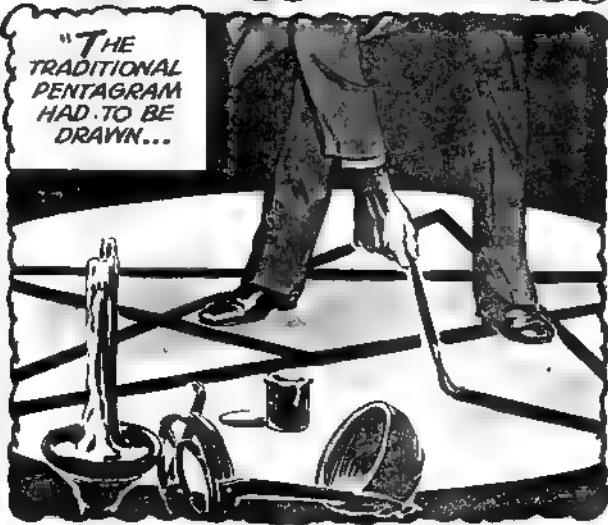
"THE SPELL WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH FIRST: AN ARTICLE OF CLOTHING FROM THE INTENDED VICTIM."



"NEXT, A WINGED CREATURE."



"THE TRADITIONAL PENTAGRAM HAD TO BE DRAWN..."



"... AND A CHANT WAS RECITED."

ICTHANU!
RETLEB!
ONASHTU!



RANKHET
MORH!



"NOW ALL I HAD TO DO WAS PROVIDE MYSELF WITH AN ALIBI AND WAIT!"

WONDERFUL MEAL, JOHN! I--THAT SOUND! OUTSIDE! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE BEATING OF MONSTROUS WINGS!

"MARELLE'S COTTAGE WAS DESTROYED AND NOWHERE WAS THERE A TRACE OF HENRI MARELLE!"

"AND JUDGE CARDIN WAS A PERFECT ALIBI!"

JUDGE CARDIN? WOULD YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF DINING WITH ME TONIGHT?

POSSIBLE... VERY POSSIBLE!

WE HEARD A CRASH AND LOOKED OUT BUT THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE SEEN! ONLY A SOUND...

...THE SOUND OF WINGS! HUGE WING!!!

"CLAUDINE, OF COURSE DID NOT SHARE MY JUBILATION.

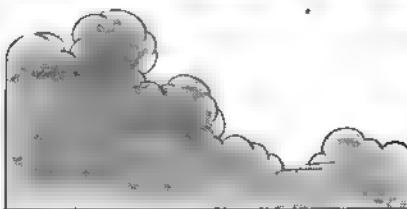
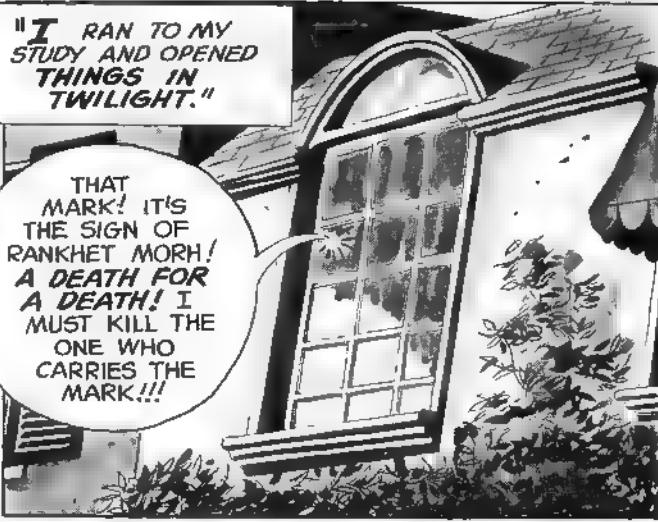
OH, FATHER!

THERE, THERE, MY DEAR! I KNOW HOW YOU MUST-- CLAUDINE! THAT MARK!!

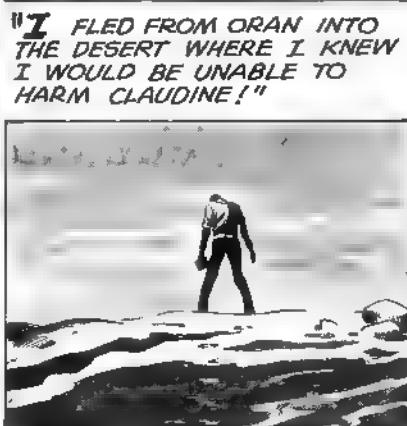


"I RAN TO MY STUDY AND OPENED THINGS IN TWILIGHT."

THAT MARK! IT'S THE SIGN OF RANKHET MORH! A DEATH FOR A DEATH! I MUST KILL THE ONE WHO CARRIES THE MARK!!!



"AND AS I SIT HERE WRITING I HEAR THE SOUND OF WINGS!"



"ABOVE ME, THE FORM OF RANKHET MORH APPEARS AS IT PASSES BETWEEN DIMENSIONS!"





IT ENDS
THERE! THE
DATE FOR
THE FINAL
ENTRY IS **LAST
NIGHT!** AND
THESE STAINS...
THEY LOOK
LIKE DRIED
BLOOD!

BAH!
A BIRD THAT
BLOTS OUT THE
SKY! THE WHOLE
THING IS
ABSURD!

IT'S
EITHER A
PRANK OR
THE DIARY
OF A
MADMAN!!!

LOOKS LIKE OUR EXPLORERS ARE A LITTLE
TOO CLOSE TO THEIR SUBJECT TO GET
THE CORRECT **IMPRESSION** OF THINGS...
ESPECIALLY A THING LIKE RANKNET MORN!

THE
END



SEND FOR A MONSTER

...Or, let our monsters send YOU!
It costs thousands of Ghoulars
(the currency of Transylvania)

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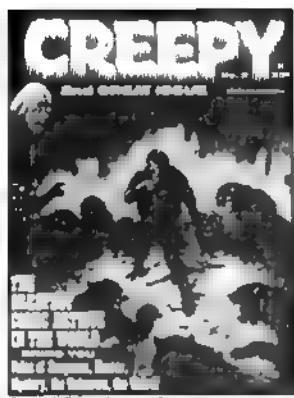
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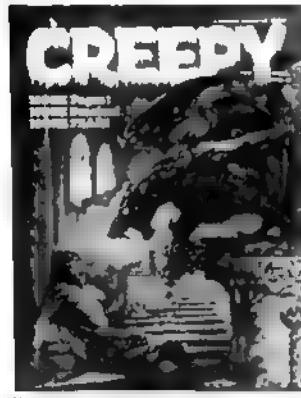
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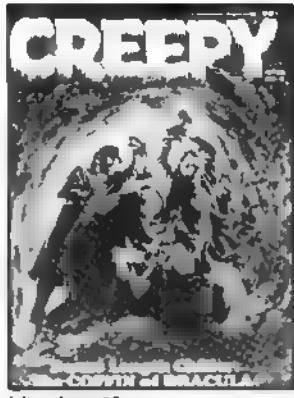
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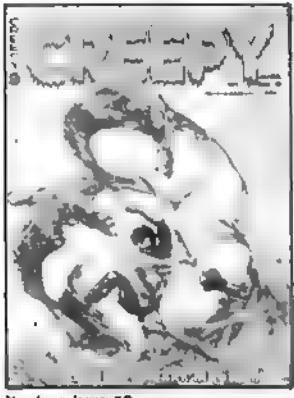
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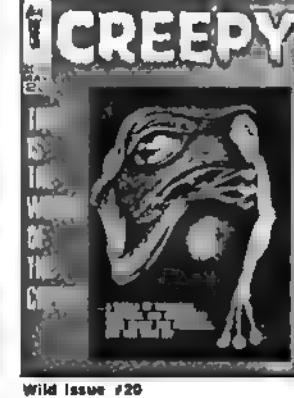
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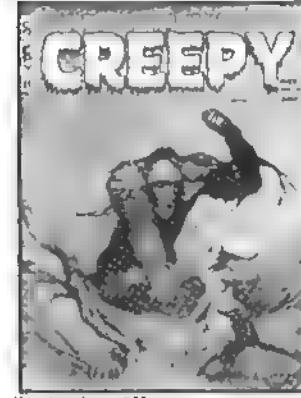
Wild Issue #13



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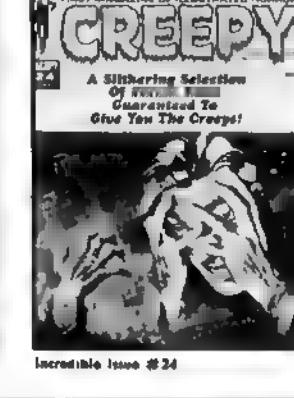
Fearful Issue #19



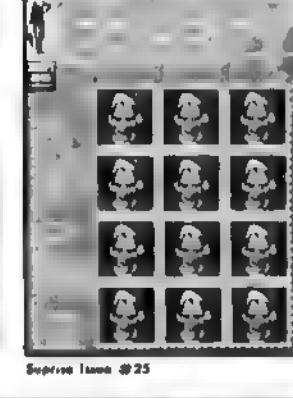
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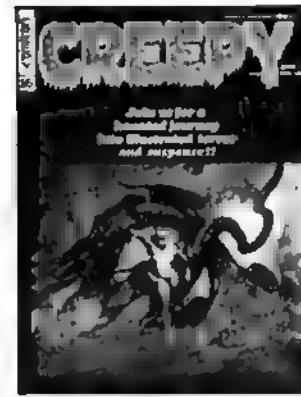
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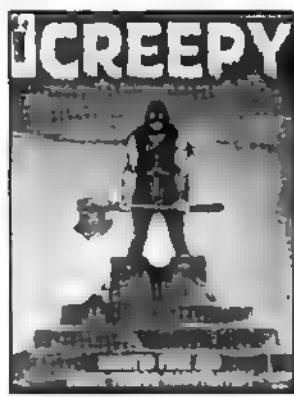
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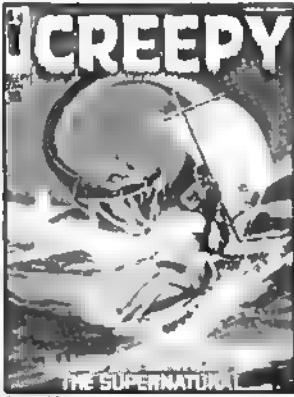
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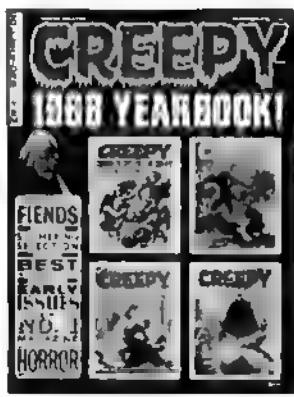
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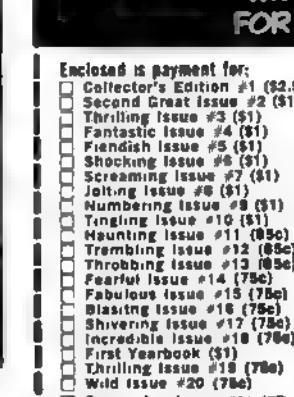
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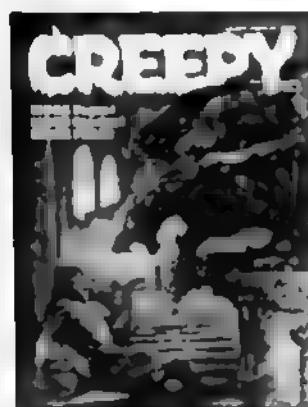
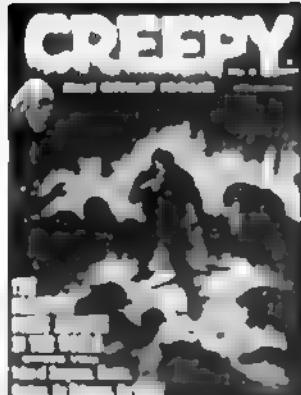
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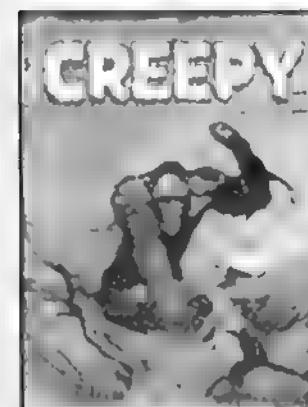
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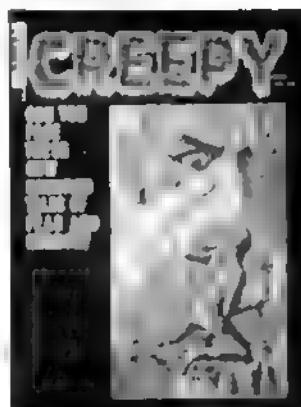
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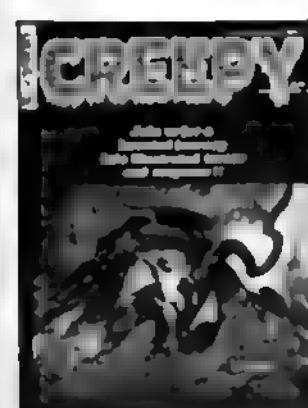
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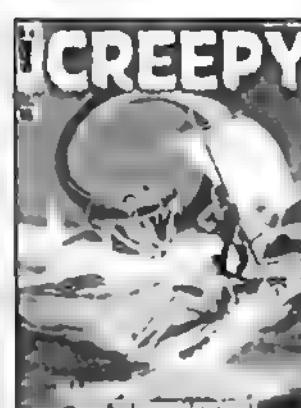
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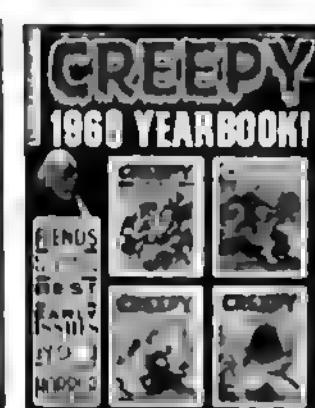
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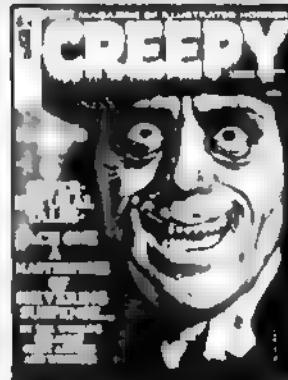
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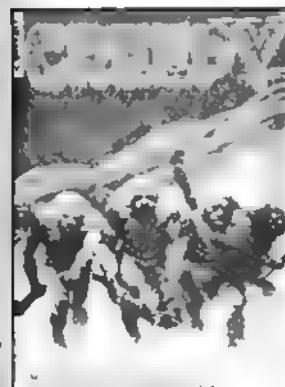
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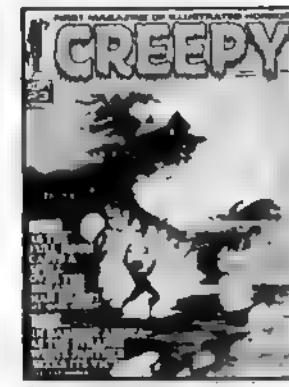
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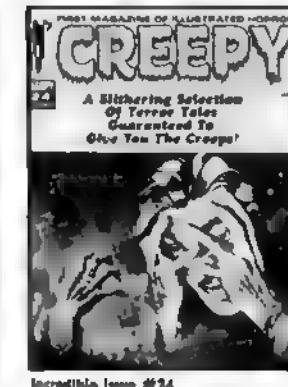
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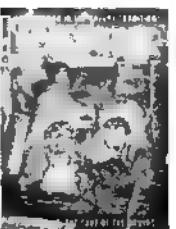
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EERIE FANFARE

Welcome dear readers... I've been waiting for you! Are you ready to delve into the myriad minds of your fellow fans? Join me now as we gasp in wonder and delight at what you, the EERIE FANFARE followers have contributed! Read now the plea of our first fan friend who wishes...

OH, TO BE A BAT

By Edgar Ellington

To ride the wild winds of midnight.
To be a gray bit of fluff
With leathery wings.
Oh, to be cast
To the darkened skies.
To glide through the swirling
Mists of night.
To fly in nocturnal splendor,
Unchallenged.
Oh, to be a bat.
Oh that night of nights
When evil reigns supreme.
To see the crag-jawed hags
On their broomsticks
Howl and scream through
the autumn air.
Oh, to fly in and out
Of dark empty belfries.
To patrol empty streets
When all lies asleep.
To chase the moon
in ever-changing patterns.
Oh, to be a bat.
And when night is done,
To fold those magnificent
wings.
And look at the world
From an inverted position.
Oh, to be a bat



A few issues back, Pat Broderick of Tampa, Fla., submitted a drawing which was printed on our fan club pages. Many fans wrote in commenting on his art consequently leading us to ask Pat to do another rendering. The above is his latest contribution.

EMUTANT!

By Robert J. Burns

Science had progressed a great deal since its early beginning, and advancement in "Test Tube" humans was all a part of scientific evolution. Humans were grown from test tubes and incubators, as were other species of living creatures. Science marched on, and so did the men who made it possible. All of them except

Joe; the janitor who cleaned the waste and filth left by the men and women that the public looked on as heroes. And Joe, in his simple ways hated them silently. But hatred can't be penned up for ever. And Joe was no exception from this rule.

After everyone had left, Joe went about his rounds till his duty's finally brought him to the culture lab. He went about

cleaning the waste baskets, sweeping the floor; jobs he had done for years. He was tired of it; fed up to his neck. His broom went flying into an incubator, propelled by the anger of his rage. Bottles were smashed beneath his feet, instruments were beaten to useless junk by his powerful hands. Cultures and genes flowed together in a pool of ooze that probably resembled early life forms on earth. The lab was destroyed beyond saving, and Joe couldn't have been happier. He stormed out, never to return. Little did he realize the magnitude of his destruction.

Technicians and scientists were surprised to find the condition of the lab the next morning; they were more surprised to find the results of Joe's anger. For he had created beings beyond the mind of man; spiders with the minds of men, men with the heads of cobras. The men who entered the lab had little time to register their surprise; neither did the race of man, for the mutants had arrived. And they had no room for humans on earth!



THE FACE OF DEATH!

Story and Illustration By Joseph Wiltz

Always James had been strangely fascinated by the topic of "Death". He spent long hours in the library reading musty old books on men's different opinions on what happened to someone when he died. He read of the "Reaper", a tall, old figure who carried a scythe, wore a long robe and whose face was masked by a hood where only a skeletal face could be vaguely made out. James imagined himself being led to death's door by this macabre figure and was horrified by the thought. Refusing to believe this James read other versions of death, hoping to find one less terrifying than this. But all the versions he read had either the skeletal figure or an old man leading the deceased to the inevitable land of the dead. "No!", James violently swore, "I, James Blake, will not suffer the same end so many other hapless beings have." And so James began to work on a plan of beating death. James transferred all of his possessions into cash. He then had a large chemical firm make two important serums for him. The first was an acid specifically designed to

dissolve bone matter and the second was a chemical which changed the aged into the single sperm from which they had developed. So sure was James of his preparations that he injected insulin into his blood stream, tightly grasping his serums in each hand. Now,

James thought, now he would beat death and return to earth a rich man, famed for his discovery. But then James made out the figure's face and saw that it was neither a skeletal nor an ancient figure. The face James was looking at was his own. And instead of leading James anywhere the figure passed him by and disappeared into a large doorway. And now for the first time since his death James looked at himself; he was now the robed skeletal figure the Grim Reaper had been described to be. And then James realized the true meaning of death. The figure that had passed him by was his physical self and he was now the Grim Reaper as he would remain until some one else died and enabled him to go to the land of the dead, the only destination now left open to him. James dropped the serums which had proved so useless to him and began to wait...

END



PFC/Mitchell Brown aspires to do comic illustrations upon completion of his enlistment. From the looks of his work (below) he has a promising future in the field of art. (See his letter on Dear Cousin Eerie pages of this issue.)



Tony Desensi of Pennsylvania has a flair for sci-fi renderings as depicted in his illustration intitled "Space Skull". Do you have a flair for rendering or writing? If you do, why not get involved with your other fanfares?



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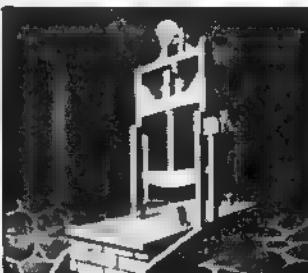
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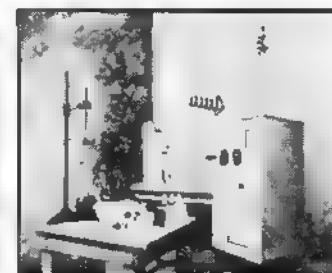
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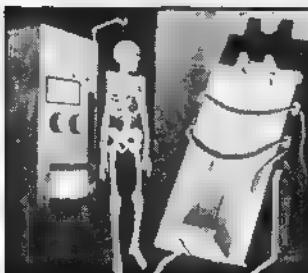
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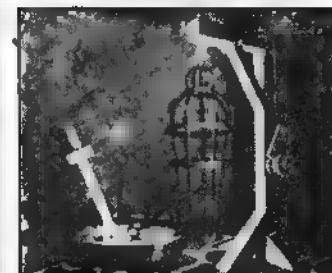
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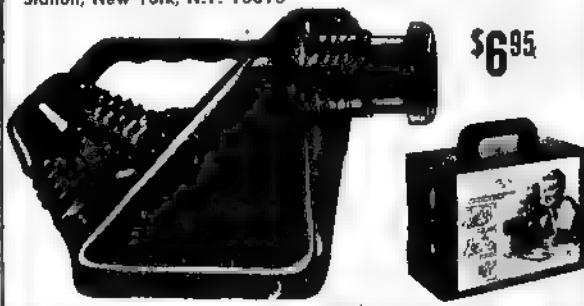
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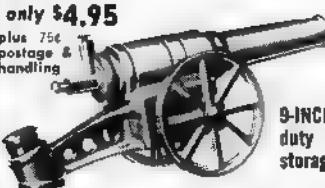


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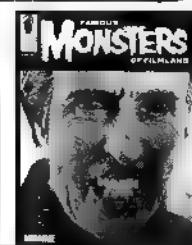
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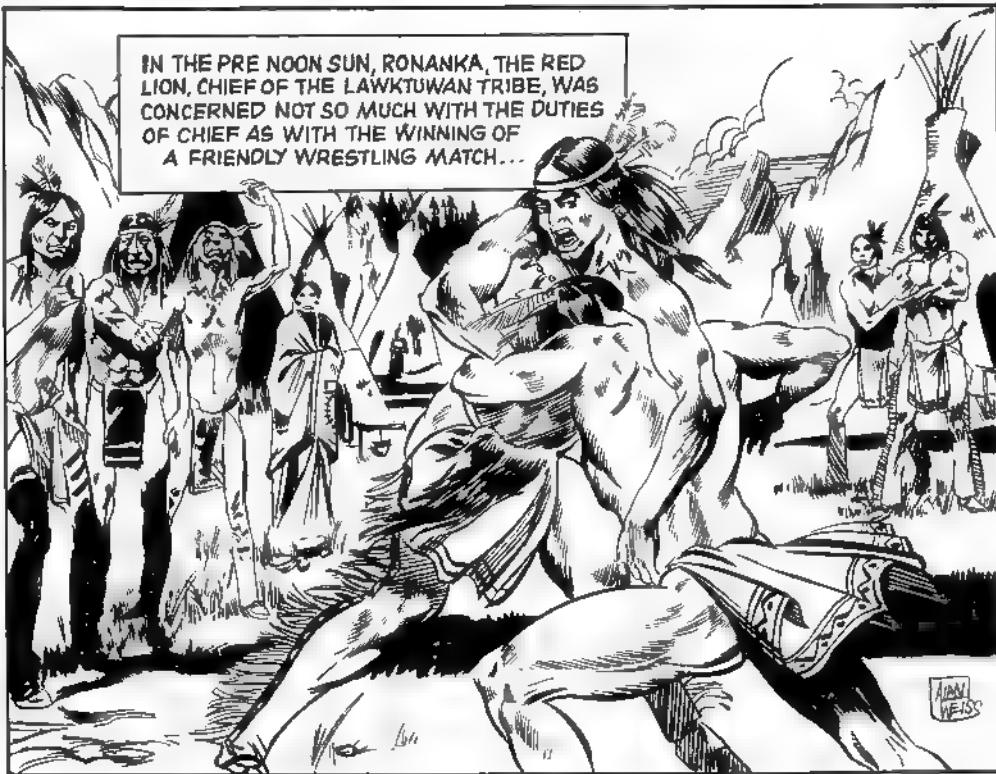
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FOR AN EARLY
AMERICAN FANTASY!
THAT MEANS INDIANS!
COME WITH ME BACK
IN TIME ABOUT A
THOUSAND YEARS
ON A HIKE TO THE...

LAIR of the HORNED MAN

IN THE PRE NOON SUN, RONANKA, THE RED LION, CHIEF OF THE LAWKTUWAN TRIBE, WAS CONCERNED NOT SO MUCH WITH THE DUTIES OF CHIEF AS WITH THE WINNING OF A FRIENDLY WRESTLING MATCH...



THE STRENGTH OF
THE KIND CHIEF, AS
ALWAYS, PREVIALED...

HAI!! RONANKA STILL
POSSESSES THE STRENGTH
OF THE LION HE WAS
NAMED FOR!



BUT THE FRIVOLITY IS QUICKLY BROUGHT TO A CLOSE BY THE APPEARANCE OF A TRIBAL MEDICINE MAN, TAKTANA...

YES, OUR CHIEF
IS INDEED AS STRONG
AS HE IS WISE, AS
FEARLESS AS HE IS
KIND!



YOU WANT SOMETHING, TAKTANA! YOU CANNOT MASK YOUR INTENT WITH SWEET PRAISE! WHAT IS IT?

HAH! MY CHIEF CANNOT BE LULLED BY HOLLOW WORDS! I DO INDEED CRAVE A BOON!... I WISH CUSTODY OF THE SAGAK BRAVE WE HOLD PRISONER!

HE IS TO DIE ANYWAY! YOU MAY HAVE HIM!

I THANK YOU, MY CHIEF! I COME ALSO TO TELL YOU OF THE WORD HEARD LATELY IN THE CAMP...

SUCH AN INTRIGUING QUEST COULD NOT GO UNCHALLENGED, AND RED LION, A MAN OF SWIFT DECISION, LEFT THAT AFTERNOON! ARMED WITH BOW, TOMAHAWK, AND KNIFE, THE WARRIOR CHIEF MADE HIS WAY UP INTO THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS.

... WORD OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN SEEN ROAMING THE MOUNTAIN FORESTS! NONE OF THE BRAVES WHO HAVE SEEN HER COULD CATCH HER, BUT THEY WHO HAVE SEEN HER AGREE SHE IS FAR MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANY CAMP SQUAW! YOU, MY CHIEF, WOULD BE THE ONE TO HUNT DOWN THIS MAIDEN AND MAKE HER ONE OF YOUR SQUAWS... SURELY A WORTHY ADDITION TO YOUR OWN BRIDES!

FOR THE EXPERIENCED WOODSMAN, SUCH AN UNUSUAL TRAIL IS EASILY DISCOVERED...



...AND...AFTER A SHORT REST... FOLLOWED!



THE CADENCE OF RED LION'S LOPING STRIDE IS SUDDENLY BROKEN, AS HE HEARS... A SCREAM!



TRIPLED HIS SPEED, THE WARRIOR SOON PASSES THE FOREST BY, AND, COMING TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE...



...HE SEES A STAGGERING SIGHT! A NATURAL BRIDGE FORMED OF A HUGE, AND GROTESQUE, TREE HIGH ABOVE THE FOAMING, RUMBLING RIVER...



BUT RED LION CAN WASTE NO TIME MUSING ON THE SCENERY, FOR BEFORE HIS EYES, THE FOREST GIRL IS IN MORTAL DANGER FROM A HORRIBLE MAN-BEAST...A HORNED MAN!



A MAN WITH THE ANTLERS OF AN ELK!



DIVING BETWEEN THE BEAST AND THE GIRL, RONANKA SUCCEEDS IN SAVING HER LIFE...

RUN, GIRL...RUN!



SHE DOES RUN TO SAFETY! BUT THE BEAST, FRUSTRATED OF HIS CHOSEN PREY, TURNS ON THIS NEW INTRUDER!

LOST MY BOW! THE TOMAHAWK... IT MUST SERVE, OR I DIE THIS DAY!



MEETING THE CHARGE OF
THE STEELY THREWED MAN-
BEAST, RONANKA HACKS
VICIOUSLY WITH HIS
TOMAHAWK...



HACKING AND SLICING,
RED LIONS INFECTS
SCORES OF WOUNDS,
BUT STILL THE HORNED
MAN ONLY ATTACKS
MORE FIERCELY!

THEN, HIS STRENGTH
WANING, THE BRAVE
WARRIOR STRIKES
AT THE BASE OF
THE BEAST'S NECK,
CUTTING THROUGH
TO HIS BRAIN!

REALIZING ITS MORTAL
WOUND, THE BEAST,
SHRIEKING HORRIBLY,
GATHERS ALL ITS
STRENGTH FOR ONE
FINAL LUNGE...



BLEEDING FROM HALF A
DOZEN WOUNDS, RONANKA
BARELY SIDESTEPS THE
FEROCEOUS MAN BEAST...
AND THE HORNED MAN FALLS...



I HAVE CAPTURED MANY BEASTS TO MAKE MY BEAST MEN... TO TAKE OVER OUR TRIBE AND ALL OTHERS! OF THIS CAPTIVE, THE BRAVE YOU ENTRUSTED TO ME, I SHALL MAKE A MAN-LION, AN IRONIC EXECUTIONER FOR THE MIGHTY RED LION!

NO, FATHER! HE SAVED ME! YOU CANNOT DO THIS THING!

I FORESAW THIS DISLOYALTY, MY DAUGHTER! AS YOU WILL BE OF NO FURTHER USE TO ME... FOR YOU I BROUGHT A...

... RATTLESNAKE!

WORK NOW, MY TOTEM! WORK YOUR MAGIC!

YOU... YOU HAVE CHANGED YOUR OWN DAUGHTER INTO... THIS?!

YES, OF COURSE! AS EASILY AS I HAVE CHANGED THIS MAN INTO A MAN-LION! KILL HIM, MY PET!

GAH! BLOWN AWAY!

NOW RONANKA WAS ARMED ONLY WITH HIS KNIFE! YET, IN A SEEMINGLY HOPELESS MOVE, MAN FACED MAN-BEAST...



THE CLAWS OF THE POWERFUL CREATURE RIPPED AND SLASHED AT THE FLESH OF THE WARRIOR CHIEF...



KEEPING HIS WITS, RONANKA BREAKS FREE, TURNS, AND TAUNTS THE TERRIBLE BEAST! THE LION-MAN LEAPS...



...ONLY TO IMPALE ITSELF ON A PROTRUDING LANCE-LIKE LIMB OF THE MONSTER TREE!



THEN, TRIUMPHANT, TORN, ACHINGLY FATIGUED, RONANKA TURNS TO FACE HIS ENEMY...



...WHEN...

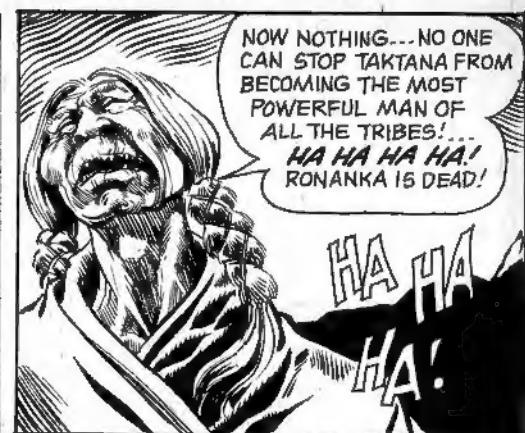


IN TERRIBLE AGONY, THE WARRIOR FALLS AT HIS ENEMY'S FEET...

HA HA HA! SO YOU DEFEATED BEAST MAN, BUT COULD NOT RECKON WITH THE TRUE MAN... THE MOST BESTIAL CREATURE OF ALL! HA HA! SHOT WITH AN ARROW FROM YOUR OWN BOW!



NOW NOTHING... NO ONE CAN STOP TAKTANA FROM BECOMING THE MOST POWERFUL MAN OF ALL THE TRIBES!... HA HA HA HA! RONANKA IS DEAD!



BUT THE GLOATING, BOASTFUL MEDICINE MAN DOES NOT NOTICE AN INCREDIBLY GROTESQUE SERPENT COILED NEAR HIS LEGS... NOR DOES HE HEAR THE SOFT RATTLING, AN ALMOST INHUMANLY MELODIC SONG...



BUT THEN IT IS TOO LATE, FOR THE BITE OF THIS ENCHANTED CREATURE IS MANY TIMES DEADLIER THAN ANY ORDINARY SNAKE!



WHEN TAKTANA FALLS, HE DROPS THE MAGIC TOTEM! THE BADLY WOUNDED RONANKA STRAIN... CRAWLING... AND FINALLY REACHES IT!



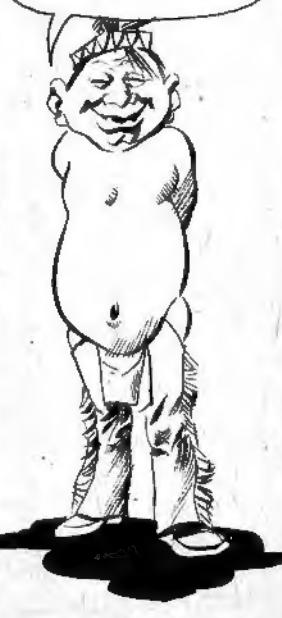
TOUCHING IT, ALL PREVIOUS SPELLS ARE NEGATED, AND LANEeah BECOMES ONCE MORE HER HUMAN, FEMALE SELF...



YOU ARE STRONG, RONANKA! I WILL HEAL YOU! YOU WILL LIVE!

YES! I WILL LIVE! HAVE I NOT MORE REASON TO THAN EVER BEFORE.

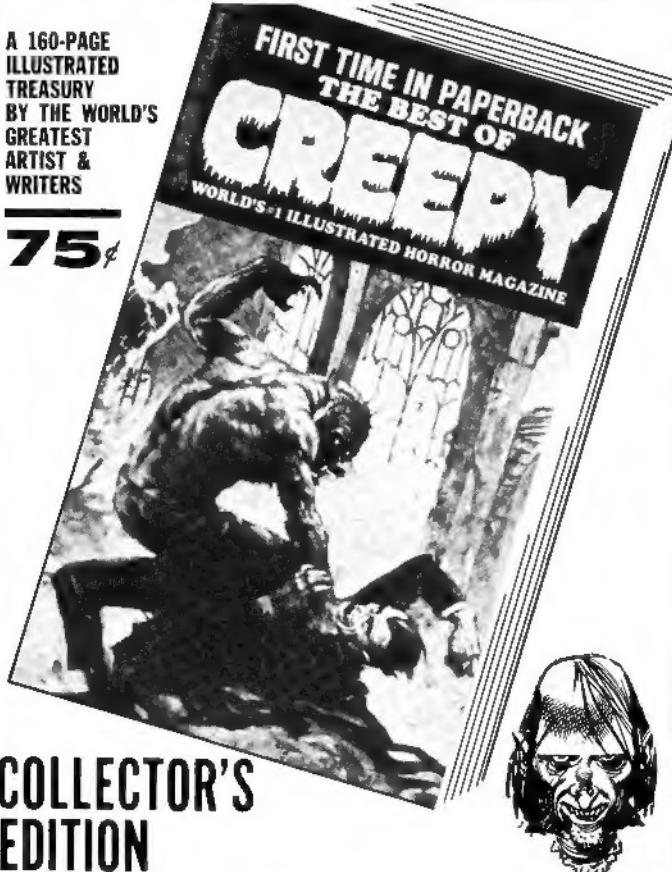
HMM... SEEMS OLD TAKTANA'S TOTEM WAS PRETTY BAD MEDICINE, AND SPEAKING OF MEDICINE, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I PRESCRIBE NEXT!



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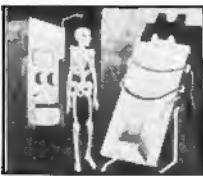
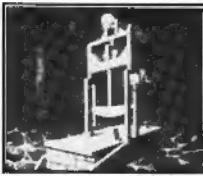
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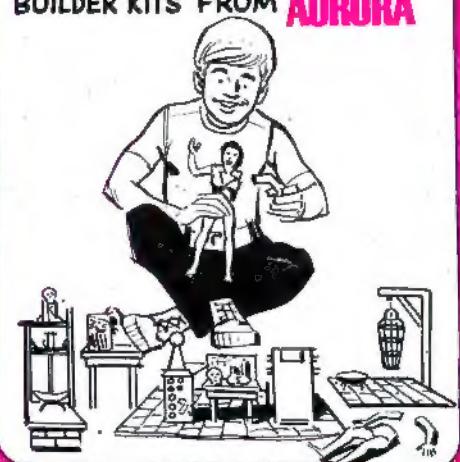
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